
Title: Meditations of Magic

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I shall laugh as I place
my head on the block,
laugh at them all as
the raven jeers at the
gallows or the worm
mocks the grave. It
took the Prince's most
powerful knights to
bring me - shackled
in cold iron - before
my earthly liege, but
not before I had slain a
hundred of his
retainers, twisted the
insides of his beloved
wife, cursed their
only son with
ravaging madness
eternal.

I have lain among the
rat-gnawed bones of
the oubliette and
accepted the iron
maiden's cruel
embrace, but I am not
alone, and I feel no
pain. The slaadi still
comfort me with their
infernal melodies, and
my invisible
familiar still inform
me, bringing news in
the clammy darkness
from my lord

Thasmudyan. I shall
have eternal life for
my devoted service;
the baatezu lord has
promised me this
final boon.

I will survive, of that
I am certain, but my
next evolution may not
remember all of my
secrets, all the cryptic
mysteries of the Art.
I shall bid the
shadows to write them

down, inscribe them
in a book so that I may
remember all that I
knew before I died:
And then I shall
depart this earthly
realm and walk on
farther shores,
undreaming and
unbidden, until I stand
once again in the ivory
court of Thasmudyan.